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Everyday while a new India emerges, the existence and memory of the old one slowly fades.

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CHANDAMA

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THE STORY OF BUDDHA: The Enlightened One changes the ideas and life-style of the people who come in touch with him.

SAGA OF NEHRU: The pictorial story is now coming closer to events that are not too old!

Yet another story through pictures featuring Birbal — to tickle laughter in you. A bunch of stories, Window on the World, Treasury of Knowledge, and all the rest!

Thoughts to be Treasured

It is impossible to ignore the import ance of violence in the past and present. To do so is to ignore life. Yet violence is undoubtedly bad and brings an unending trial of evil consequences with it.

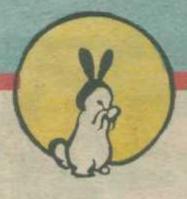
Jawaharlal Nehru

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India).

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Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI



Founder: CHAKRAPANI

PREPARE TO FACE THE CHALLENGES

India is a great country—both for its vast cultural and literary heritage and its natural splendours—its hills, forests and rivers. No wonder that in a country like this there should be numerous problems. True strength is proved by facing problems and challenges, not by avoiding them.

Just now there are problems arising out of natural calamities. Many of these calamities are the result of the wrong done to our forests, hills and rivers. Let the younger generation take a vow to preserve this natural heritage of our country, along with our cultural and literary heritage.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अशक्यस्सहसा भावो वेत्तु परस्य वै । अन्तः स्वभावैर्गेतै स्वैनै पुण्यं पश्यता भृशम् ।

Ashokyassahasa bhavo vettum parasya vai Antah svabhavairgetaiswainaipunyam pashyataa bhrusham.

It is impossible to fathom the depths of others' hearts.

Clever and intelligent questions can only elicit clever and intelligent answers which may not be the truth.





The king of Kantipur, a wise ruler, died. His son, Prince Chandrakant, ascended the throne.

Chandrakant was a kindhearted young man. However, he had one major weakness. He was unable to take a decision on any problem all by himself. He sought the advice of his minister for all the problems of administration. But for his personal problems he sought the advice of a personal friend of his named Kishore Verma.

Kishore's father and grandfather had been courtiers to the kings of Kantipur. Kishore was a decent young man.

The young king married Princess Sunanda Devi of Tamralipta. Sunanda Devi was as graceful in her conduct as she was intelligent. The young king's

marriage with her made everybody happy.

One day Sunanda Devi asked, her husband, "Is it true that you are going out on a hunting expedition tomorrow?"

"That is true," replied the king.
"Do you remember that
tomorrow happens to be my
birthday?" asked the queen.

"Oh yes. I will be back soon," said the king.

But he was mad after hunting. He remained engrossed in it till noon. Then he remembered his promise to the queen and told his friend Kishore that it was time for him to return to the palace.

"Maharaj! The birthday will be there till the sunset, isn't it so? Why should you be in any haste?" said Kishore.

That was encouragement enough for the king to continue



hunting till the sundown. It was already dark when he was back in the palace.

The queen had not had any food till then. She sat near the king and supervised his supper, but did not eat even a morsel herself. The king realised that she had felt extremely hurt because of his absence at the palace on her birthday. He tried to make her smile and talk, but she remained grave.

At night the king told Kishore all about the situation and asked, "What am I to do now?"

"Maharaj, it is customary with ladies to influence their husbands by making a show of gloomy moods. You too should pretend to be very grave and talk with her as little as possible. Then we will see," advised Kishore.

The king followed Kishore's advice. Two days passed. The queen told the king, "I am sorry that I was cool towards you the other day, when you returned from the forest tired. No wonder that you are displeased with me. That was my first birthday after our marriage. That is why I felt aggrieved that you should take it so lightly. But I know, all such sentiments are childish. They come from a sense of pride.



Because God made me a princess and then a queen, I am celebrating my birthdays pompously. Had I been born in a poor family, who would remember my birthday? I am sorry for my behaviour."

The king was happy. The two continued to live in joy.

Nearly a year passed. Once again the queen's birthday was approaching. "What kind of gift will make you happy?" the king asked her.

"My lord, I need no gift. Hasn't God been very kind to me? Why should I need anything more?" said the queen.

"I know that you have no





hankering for anything. But I want to make a present to you for my satisfaction," said the king.

"If that is the case, O King, then buy a blue diamond for me from Jugal Bhatta, the famous diamond merchant who is in the city at present," said the queen.

The king made a mention of it to Kishore in the evening. Said Kishore, "There is no limit to women's temptation for jewellery. If you give her one blue diamond today, she will expect two next time. And, as you know, the blue diamond is very costly."

The king made a gift of an ordinary diamond to the queen instead of a blue diamond. But

the queen did not murmur.

A few days later a maid informed the king that the queen was feeling giddy and she wanted to see the king.

The king was playing chess with Kishore. At the message given by the maid, he was about to get up to go to the queen's apartment. But Kishore told him in a whisper, "Please don't go in a hurry. Wait for a few minutes. It is a fashion with wives to summon their husbands under the pretext of sickness. That way they feel assured that their husbands care for them."

The maid returned to the queen and reported to her, "The king was ready to leave the chessboard and come with me, but he stopped at some suggestion from his friend Kishore Verma. I don't know what Verma whispered to him."

Suddenly the queen felt that she had got the answer to a riddle. She took some medicine and went to bed. Next day she summoned the king's minister and asked him privately, "Uncle, can you provide me with a detailed account of Kishore Verma's family life?"

"I can, my daughter," said the



elderly minister. In two days he was able to submit to the queen a secret report on the subject. The next day the queen asked the king, "Is it a fact that Kishore Verma is your most trusted friend?"

"He is," said the king.

"Will you please pass on a message to him?" asked the queen.

"What is it, my queen?"

"Just ask him what will happen if the whip that is used on a horse is used on a hare or a deer."

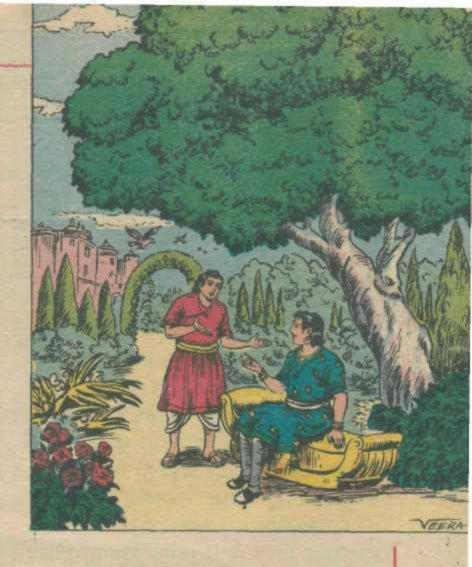
The king put the question to Kishore in the evening. Kishore was taken back. "Why do you ask me such a question, my lord?" he asked.

"The queen wanted me to do so, my friend!" replied the king.

Kishore stood in silence for a long time. Then he said in a voice choking with emotion, "Maharaj! Please tell the queen that I made blunders. I will be careful in the future." Then he went away.

At night the king asked the queen, "What is the inner meaning of the question you wanted me to ask Kishore?"

"My lord, I have nothing to



hide from you. The other day you insisted on giving me a precious gift. It is to satisfy you that I wanted a blue diamond. I thought that since you are eager to give something, the gift must be something special. I had no desire for anything, precious or cheap. But when you brought me an ordinary diamond, I suspected that someone has influenced you to change your mind. I know you. It is not in your nature to be mean. There were several other occasions to strengthen my suspicion. Then I began my investigation and learnt that it is Kishore Verma who is your adviser in all your personal



11



matters. I gathered information about his life. I found out that his wife is extremely rude, stubborn and cruel. If Kishore Verma utters one angry word, she utters a dozen furious words. Kishore Verma tries his best to show even greater fury, but fails. He applies the knowledge which he has of his own wife on me. He is wrong.

I do not deserve the kind of treatment which he gives to his wife! My nature is different."

The king realised his own blunder in seeking Kishore's advice on everything. By and by he found the queen to be really above all greed. She had no desire to keep him under her influence with false pretexts.

RELATIVITY OF TIME

Once a young artist approached the great scientist Albert Einstein and said, "Sir, I want to draw a portrait of yours."

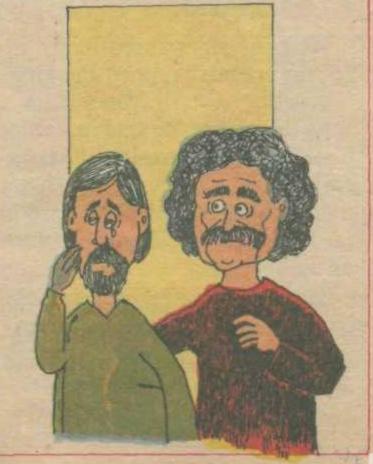
"I have no time," said Einstein.

The young artist turned back, but Einstein could see that he was wiping his eyes.

"What is the matter with you?"

The young man was reluctant to answer, but he came out with his explanation: "I am poor. A magazine had promised me that they will pay me tonight itself if I could give them a sketch of yours."

"Who said I have no time? I have all the time for you", said Einstein and he gave the young artist a sitting.





THE TRUTHFUL AND THE LIAR

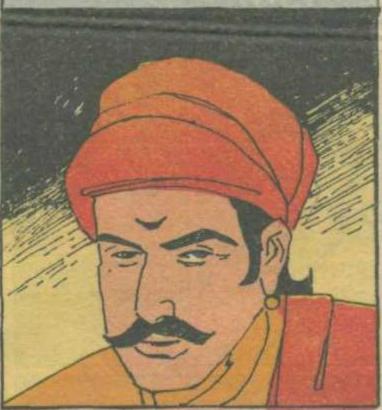


One day two traders, Dhumal Shah and Ravi Seth met Birbal. Ravi complained that he had loaned a thousand rupees to Dhumal, but Dhumal denies it.

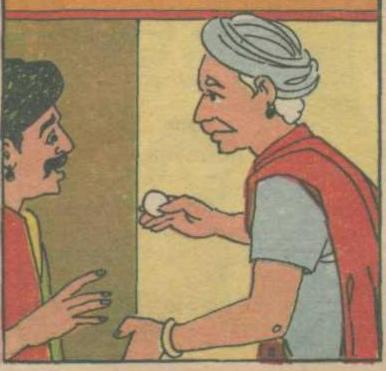


Both Ravi and Dhuma sold ghee. Next day a man named Jailal sold one jarful of butter to Ravi and another jarful to Dhumal, separately. He told them that he came from a village and lived in an inn.

One of them must be lying. Who was it— Ravi or Dhumal? Birbal wondered. He asked them to come after two days.



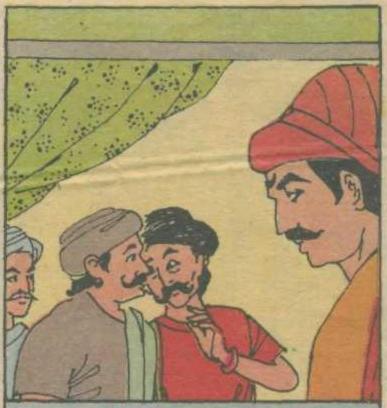
While boiling the butter to make ghee, Ravi got a gold mohur from it. He went to the inn and returned it to Jailal.





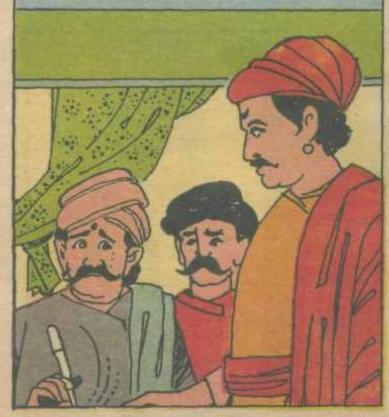
Dhumal also got a gold-mohur from Jailal's butter. But he asked his son to keep it. He never reported to Jailal.





Next day both the traders met Birbal. Suddenly Jailal reached there and asked Dhumal if he had found a mohur in his butter. Dhumal said No.

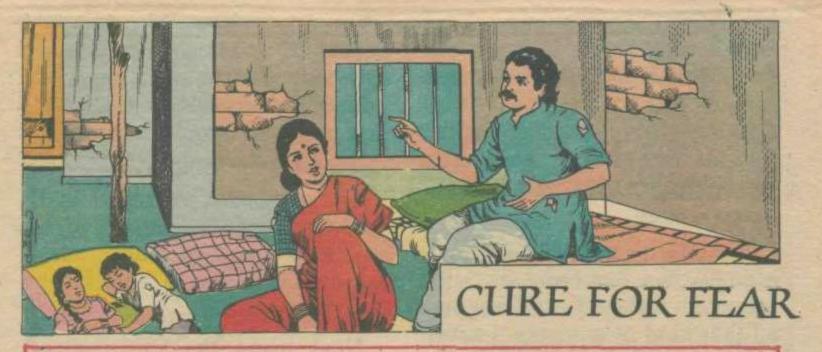
Jailal complained to Birbal. Birbal compelled Dhumal to write a letter to his home stating that the mohur found in the butter may be sent.





Dhumal's son handed over the mohur to the messenger. Now Birbal knew who was a liar. He obliged Dhumal to pay Ravi's money back. Needless to say, Jailal was Birbal's man.





the town early in the morning. I am afraid, I must carry your gold bangles with me. I will sell them in the town. With the money I will start some small business. What else is there to do?"

It was Ravi who said this to his wife at night, after their two children had fallen asleep. Kanak understood his anxiety. There was drought in the area. As a result, the grass in the pastures had dried. His cows could not be properly fed and so they did not yield much milk. At the same time, because of the drought the villagers themselves were not in a position to buy milk.

"I don't mind parting with my gold bangles. But I fear that you will not succeed in business. I also fear that you will feel lost in the town," said Kanak. "You fear for so many things. I must give you some medicine to cure you of your fear!" said Ravi.

They heard someone knocking on the door. Who could it be at that hour of the night? Ravi opened the door, but what he saw chilled his blood. A spirit stood there, stooping. "Just now you spoke of some medicine for fear. I must confess that I am a patient of fear. I am afraid of all the other ghosts who live in the cremation ground. That is why I took shelter in the village. But here also I live with fear. I am afraid of possessing human beings. I tremble when I see a lamp. What to do? I shall pay you your fee if you cure me of my fear," said the spirit.

Ravi stepped back in fear of the strange apparition, but his wife, Kanak, stepped forward. "The medicine is there. But it



works with ghosts only on one condition: they must not possess human beings. They can go on fighting with the other ghosts, but not with men. Are you ready to abide by this condition?" asked Kanak.

The spirit said with enthusiasm: "I knew that there are cures for cough and cold and fever and all that kind of ailments. I never knew that there is a cure for fear!"

"This is a very special treatment and rare too. Will you abide by the condition!" Kanak asked once again.

"I will," agreed the spirit.

Kanak went in and brought a

cupful of water mixed with a spoonful of sugar and a pinch of mint and a little ginger. "Drink it in a gulp and report tomorrow at this hour," she said.

The spirit emptied the cup and felt quite happy. It handed over a few gold coins to Kanak and assumed the form of a dark cat and ran away.

Next night the spirit came there as advised and said that it has started feeling quite bold. Kanak gave it another dose of the medicinal water and it gave Kanak her fees. Then it took the form of a vulture and flew away.

The treatment continued for seven nights. The spirit paid





Kanak some gold coins every time. "You are looking quite brave now," Kanak told it on the seventh night.

"I also feel that I am brave," said the spirit. Then it laughed like a thunder-clap.

"Don't laugh like that! The neighbours might wake up and come rushing here!" cautioned Kanak.

"How do I care? I am brave!" shouted the spirit.

"Shut up! Shut up!" said Kanak.

"You shut up!" yelled out the spirit.

By then the neighbours had woken up. They called out to one

another and came there to see what the matter was. The spirit disappeared.

"We heard an eerie voice. Whose was it? Why was that fellow so angry?" asked the village headman.

"I am sure it was not the voice of any human being," said the priest of the temple.

"You are right. It was a spirit's shricking," said Kanak and she narrated the whole story to the villagers.

The people were stunned. "Are we to believe that you have grown very wealthy?" asked the village headman.

Ravi and Kanak went in and





came out with the gold coins they had received from the spirit.

"It is our wish that this money should be used for the welfare of the village," said the couple.

The headman and all the others looked at them in amazement. "Are you sure that you will not regret giving away all your wealth?" asked the headman.

"Not at all. Although we had some temptation to keep a part of it, we got over it. We will not keep a spirit's money," said Ravi and Kanak.

"This is a large sum of money and with this we can dig a canal from the river so that our lands are irrigated even when there is drought," said the headman.

The villagers expressed their gratefulness to Ravi and Kanak and dispersed. Kanak told Ravi, "We gave away whatever we had earned. What now? How to live?"

Ravi had no answer. Morning broke out. Kanak was decorating the foreyard of her house when a villager greeted her and said, "You could make a spirit brave. Can't you make my grandson a little brave? The boy is extremely timid. Even a spider would terrify him!"

"I will try," said Kanak. "But it will be a different treatment, not the kind of treatment I gave to the spirit."

She narrated to the child charming stories of heroism, sacrifice and nobility. The child learnt the joys of courage and goodness. Soon the villagers discovered an ideal teacher in Kanak. They sent their children to her. Ravi helped her in setting up a little school. The villagers gave them every help they needed. The couple lived happily and purposefully.







(Siddhartha, now the Enlightened One or the Buddha, was out to impart his knowledge to others. Whoever met him and listened to him, became his disciple.)

A CONQUEST BY COMPASSION

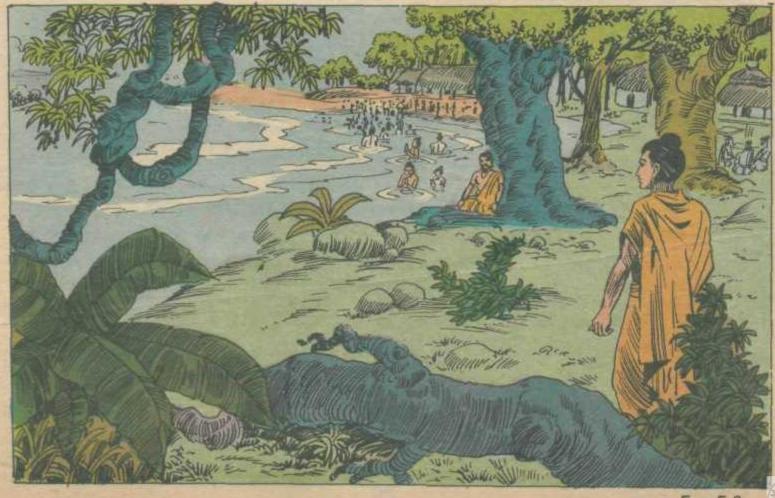
memorable event took place while the Buddha was at Uruvela. On the bank of the river lived a famous holy man named Kasyapa. He was the guru of five hundred disciples who lived in a large cluster of huts around him. They grew long hair and beards and performed numerous rituals.

The Buddha observed them for

some days. He understood that there were many in the hermitage who were really seekers of truth, but they were not taught anything more than rituals.

One day the Buddha met Kasyapa. "I would like to give you the knowledge which I have gained," he told the old master.

Kasyapa looked at the Buddha





quizzically. "How are you so sure that you know more than I do?" he asked in a sarcastic way.

"I need not tell you whether or not I know more than you do. Pay attention to me if you please. Then you can decide whether you have learnt anything from me or not," said the Buddha.

Kasyapa was not interested in listening to the Buddha. But some of his senior disciples told him that the Buddha had already brought peace to several hearts and maybe they too could benefit from him. So, Kasyapa agreed to listen to him. And as he listened to the Buddha, his face showed signs of humility. At last he

bowed to the Buddha and said, "I feel that all my life's quest has been answered only now. I had taken the responsibility of bringing light to my disciples. What light can I bring them when I was myself groping in darkness? I offer them to you. Kindly show them the path as you have shown it to me."

The Buddha agreed to teach Kasyapa's disciples. There was great jubilation in the hermitage. To mark this great change in their life, the disciples cut their long hair and beards and threw them into the river as they took enthusiastic dips in it.

The locks of hair flowed downstream and reached that part of the river on the banks of which were situated two other hermitages, managed by two younger brothers of Kasyapa, together commanding five hundred more disciples. These disciples were bathing in the river. They were surprised to see the profusion of human hair floating around them. They hurried to the hermitage of Guru Kasyapa and were even more surprised to see their brethren with shaven heads, singing the glory of the Buddha. In no time these five hundred also became the Buddha's disciples.

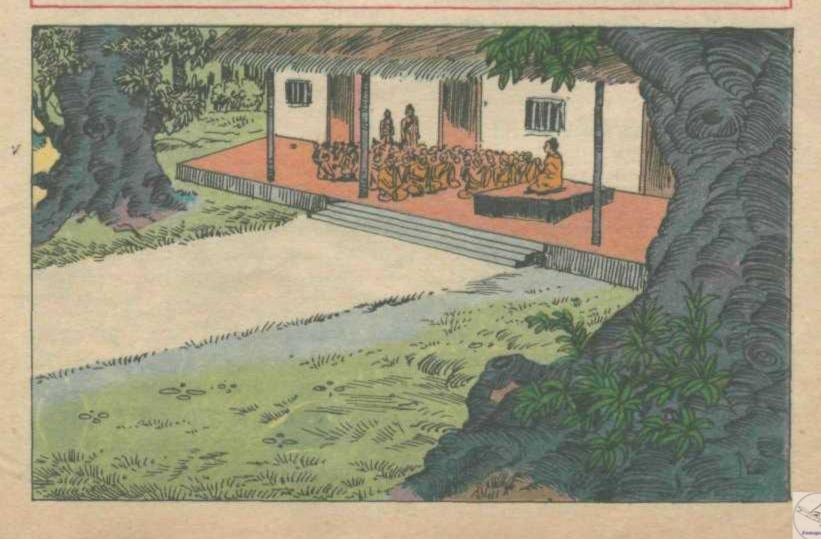


The Buddha remembered how, at the beginning of his journey he had met King Bimbisara at Rajagriha and how the king had wanted him to stay on with him. The Buddha, still in search of the truth, was in no position to oblige him, but he had resolved that he would return to the king if ever he got the enlightenment he sought. The king, no doubt, was a true seeker. Now the Buddha decided to proceed to Rajagriha to meet the king.

King Bimbisara, who learnt in advance about the Buddha's approach, was delighted. In the company of the noblemen of the city, he received the Buddha at the entrance of the city, with profound adoration in his heart. He offered to his valued guest a park called the Venu Vana. He also constructed a Vihara, a house for the Buddha's ascetic disciples, for them to find shelter in it during the rainy season.

But the Buddha, looking into the eyes of his many disciples again and again, felt that while many of them sincerely practised what he taught, none had in him the maturity to fully understand his philosophy, to answer questions arising from it and to explain it to others. Sometimes he would keep looking at the roads as if in anticipation of someone's arrival!

And one day he smiled as his



eyes fell on two young men coming towards him.

"At last I see the two who are to become my chief standardbearers, who are to carry my message to much more people than I can!"

Although the Buddha said this in a low voice, as if he was speaking to himself, some of his disciples standing close to him heard this. They were surprised. "How, my master, do you say so? You have not yet talked to them what to speak of putting them to any test! On the other hand, we have been with you for a long time and have learnt well and practised your teaching. Should some of us not become your chief standard-bearers?" one of them asked.

The Buddha smiled and said,

"Those who are coming are the chosen souls. What has brought them to me is the ardent aspiration they had nursed in their hearts in their previous life."

These two were Sariputta and Mogallayan. Very dear to each other, they were bound by the oath that if one of them found a true master, he would inform the other. Sariputta had happened to meet a disciple of the Buddha named Assa. From the very way Assa walked and talked, Sariputta felt that he carried with him the Grace of great Master. From Assa he learnt an outline of the Buddha's teaching that sufferings come from desires and an end can be put to sufferings only by putting an end to desires. Sariputta had been deeply impressed. He and Mogallayan submitted themselves to the Buddha.

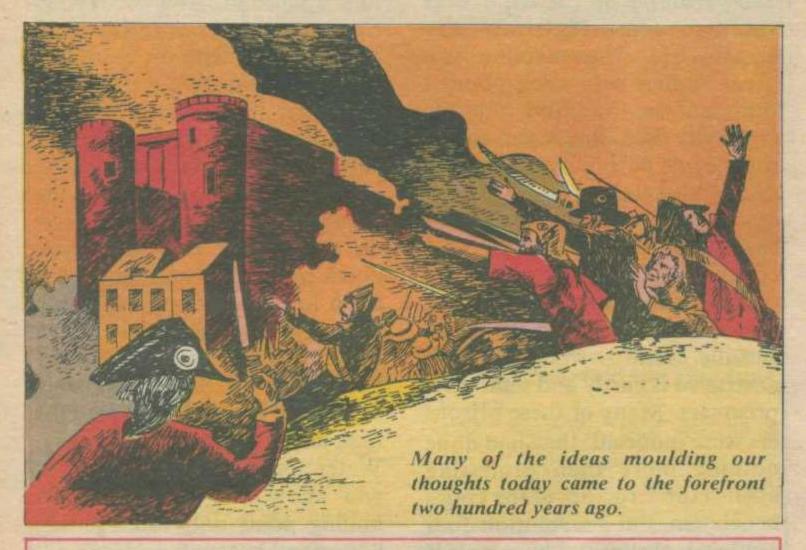
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WINDOW ON THE WORLD

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



great event that shook the world two hundred years ago, in 1789, is in the air today. Not only France, but the entire world is celebrating the memory of the event, the French Revolution.

Why? Not because innumerable people died in the revolution, not because castles were pulled down and a king and queen were put to death. They were sensational incidents, true,

but they alone would not have made the event great. The world does not remember it with so much fervour because of such incidents.

What then was the greatest contribution of the French Revolution? It asserted that liberty, equality and fraternity are the ideals which must prevail over tyranny, inequality and slavery.

The French Revolution did not achieve these ideas, but it left



these ideals in the atmosphere of the world. Only a little of the ideas of liberty and equality have been realised by mankind over the two centuries; fraternity remains a far cry even today. As a great Indian seer once pointed out, unless mankind realises fraternity first, liberty and equality cannot be practised. So, we must cultivate the spirit of true fraternity in our hearts for having the benefits of liberty and equality.

It is said that the French Revolution began with the fall of Bastille castle —when the mob destroyed it partly and set free its prisoners. Many of these prisoners were innocent; they had done nothing more than protesting against the atrocities of the king's henchmen. But a revolution does not begin abruptly. This is how it

takes place — in the words of Jawaharlal Nehru:

"The French Revolution burst like a volcano. And yet revolutions and volcanoes do not break out suddenly without reason or long evolution. We see the sudden burst and are surprised; but underneath the surface of the earth many forces play against each other for long ages, and the fires gather together, till the crust on the surface can hold them down no longer, and they burst forth in mighty flames shooting up to the sky, and molten lava rolls down the mountain side. Even so the forces that ultimately break out in revolution play for long under the surface of society. Water boils when you heat it; but you know that it has reached boiling point only after getting hotter and hotter."





Shantipur, at the foot of the ever-green hills, was a city of peace, as its name suggested. It had been the capital of the kingdom of Sumedh for more than a century. If earlier the kings of Sumedh had done much to beautify the city by building temples, raising parks and digging lakes, the present king, Shanti Dev, devoted all his time to bring prosperity to the city and the kingdom as a whole.

"My lord, the easiest way to bring prosperity is to go out on a military expedition. Once we conquer a kingdom, all its wealth becomes ours," Vir Singh, the king's general, told the king time and again.

"My dear Vir, that will be a false prosperity. The wealth which we will bring through plunder cannot last forever. Meanwhile our people will stop working hard because of the easy money at their disposal. Once the plundered wealth is spent, they will like to plunder some other kingdom. There is no guarantee that we will win always. If we are defeated, we will be plundered. Even if we win, those who are defeated will wait for their chance to humble us. We will have no peace," the king used

DANGER IN A FESTIVE NIGHT





to say.

"Why then have an army if we are not to wage war?" one day Vir Singh asked the king.

"We must have the army to defend ourselves against any attack. We wish, all the kings understand the futility of wars and all decide to disband their armies. Can't you see how much money, man-power, time and energy will be saved if we did not have wars and armies? What we save could be used for the welfare of the people!" mused King Shanti Dev.

"Pardon me, my lord, but you are a dreamer!" commented Vir Singh sarcastically. He was a

cousin of the king and they used to play together in their childhood. That is why Vir Singh could be blunt in his talks with the king.

"Vir, it is true that I am a dreamer. I dream of a peaceful world where people would laugh, learn and be merry together rather than keep busy cutting one another's throat. Vir, I suggest that you use our army to serve the people. Let us build bridges over rivers where necessary, let us dig canals where there are no rivers, let us plant trees on the sides of all our roads, let our army help the tillers of the soil to raise better crops..."

"Very well my lord, very well," said Vir Singh impatiently. "I will also teach my soldiers to help the cowherd boys in tending their cattle and assist the womenfolk in cooking!" commented Vir Singh in a huff.

The king smiled. Since Vir Singh was a year or two younger than he, the king had some affection for him. "Vir!" he said, "Why do you think helping the cowherds or the womenfolk is an inferior work? They are infinitely superior works than attacking and killing people and plundering their households. Dear Vir,



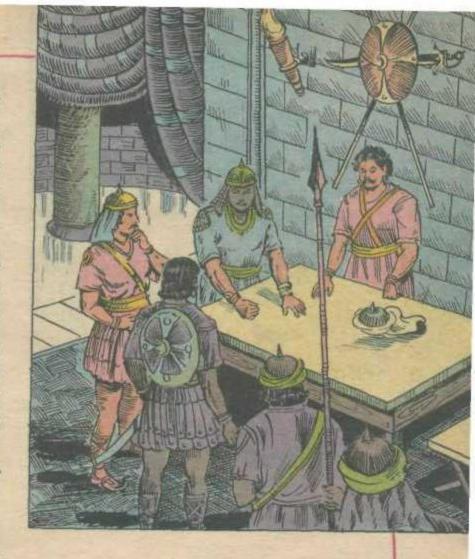
have peace in mind. Then you will understand the value of peace all around you," said the king and he gave his attention to his minister who had come in for some discussion.

That night the general called a secret meeting of his deputies, the captains of the army, and told them, "Listen to me, friends, forget your swords. Learn how to wield the plough or chip the log so that you can help the farmers or assist the women in cooking! That is what our king expects of the soldiers!"

The captains were surprised. Vir Singh cleverly instigated them against the king. Needless to say, he had called to the secret meeting only such captains who were more obedient to him than to the king. "My friends," he addressed them, "we are trained soldiers. Our first duty is to our sword. Should we let our swords rust?"

"No, no!" shouted the captains.

"Don't be excited. Don't speak so loudly. The walls may have ears!" Vir Singh cautioned them. In spite of the caution, a spy reported to King Shanti Dev about the secret meeting. The spy, of course, had overheard only a few words. The king did



not give his report as much seriousness as it deserved. The good man that he was, he could not imagine how bad his cousin, General Vir Singh, could be. Besides, the second birth anniversary of the infant prince was approaching. The king, his minister and his courtiers were all busy to see that it was celebrated with pomp and show. Innumerable people were to be fed. Dances, plays and ballets were to be performed in front of the palace. Hundreds of people were busy putting up arches and setting up platforms. Experts were preparing to give an impressive display of fireworks. The king decided to





talk to the general after the celebration.

The city of Shantipur went festive right from the dawn on the infant prince's birthday. The queen sat on a bejewelled divan in an inner apartment of the palace, with her son lying on her lap. Maids stood in a row behind her. Hundreds of men and women filed past the queen and her child, shouting out their joyous greetings.

It was a tiring experience for the queen, but she was happy to know how deeply the people loved her husband and the royal family. At night she retired into her bedroom with the child who had fallen asleep. Thousands of people had gathered outside the palace to witness the fireworks. Deafening noises were heard. Another part of the ground shook with peals of laughter, because some farcical drama was being enacted there. All the doors of the palace, which were generally guarded by armed soldiers, were left wide open to let the inmates of the palace and their friends go out and come in at their sweet will.

The queen was about to lie down in her bed. Her chief maid was helping her to change her clothes when suddenly the king entered the room. The queen smiled, though she was a bit surprised. The king never rushed into her apartment without notifying her. "You look tired, my lord!" she said. But the king neither returned her smile nor commented on her observation. Instead, he looked at the maid and signalled her to leave the room.

"What's the matter, my lord?" asked the queen anxiously.

The king bolted the door from inside, mopped his sweating face and said, "My dear queen, there is no time to give you a detailed account of what has happened



and how. Know this much that our lives are in grave danger. You must escape through the secret passage at once!"

"What! Through the secret passage?"

"Yes."

The queen looked quite bewildered. A secret passage linked the queen's bedroom to some unknown spot in the forest. Nobody except the king and the queen knew about it. Its secret had been passed on to the present king by his father, as his father had learnt about it from his father. King Shanti Dev had once shown it to his queen. In fact, he had even led her through the passage for a distance of about half a kilometre, but neither the king nor the queen had ever dreamt that it will be necessary for them to use the passage except out of fun or curiosity.

"Do you mean to say that I must escape alone?" asked the queen. Her face had become the very image of fear.

"Not alone, my dear, but with

our child," said the king.
"Oh no. no! How can I e

"Oh no, no! How can I escape leaving you behind?" protested the queen.

"Listen to me, my darling queen, it is for the sake of our



child that you have to do so. The enemy wishes to kill all three of us, though I am their first target. If I escape with you, all their attention will go to find us out. But if I stay on and let them capture me or if I give them a fight, they may temporarily forget you and the child," explained the king. He then briefly narrated how General Vir Singh had built up a conspiracy to capture the throne and how the conspirators were out to destroy the royal family taking advantage of this festive night when all were in a jubilant mood. The king enjoyed wide popularity with the army and the public,





but a few men, when organised, can achieve their goal against the wishes of millions who are opposed to it but are not organised. The king had just learnt from his spies that all the palace doors were now guarded by the general's men. In another half an hour a huge firework will take place—when a heap of explosives looking like a castle will go up in flames with terrific noises. Never before had the people of Shantipur witnessed such a spectacle. All are already agog with excitement and all the eyes will be on the grand firework when it is launched. That is the time when Vir Singh and his assassins will

enter the palace and put an end to the three precious lives.

"Why don't you summon your personal bodyguards?" asked the queen, in tears.

"How can I? Where to find them? I gave them leave to enjoy themselves. How can I even step out of the palace? Vir Singh's men would not let me. Nobody outside the palace knows that we have become prisoners. Nobody will be able to go out. Only Vir Singh's men can come in. He has managed it well, I must say!" said the king displaying a sad smile.

"Then, what will happen to you?" asked the queen.

"I will naturally try my best to elude them. Failing, I will fight. I will be partly successful if you do as I say!"

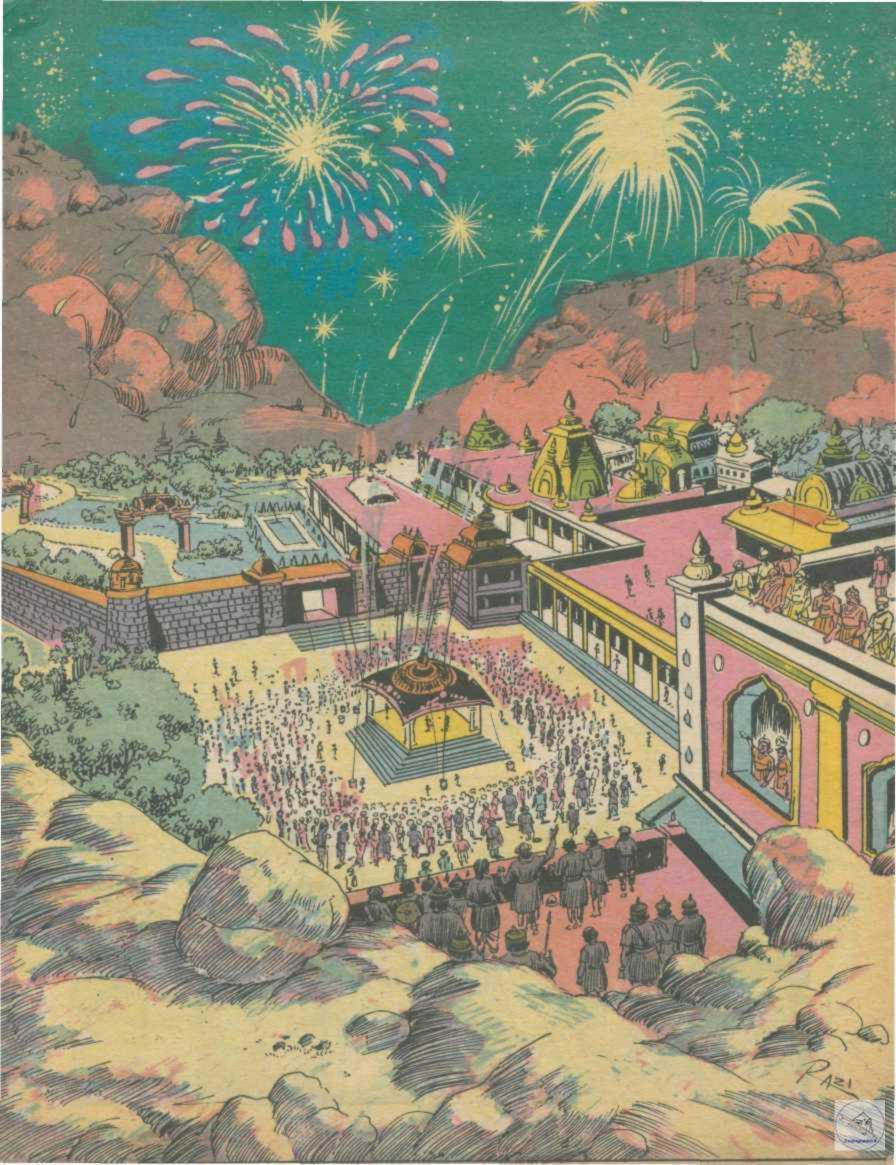
"What do you wish me to do?"

"My dear queen, do not tarry here any longer. Escape immediately. If you and the prince are safe, then that will be my partial success. I do not wish to tell a lie now. I am not sure that I will survive the attack. Now, no more arguments!" said the king in a choking voice.

"No!" the queen broke down.
"I cannot leave you in the jaws of death and go away!"

The king did not respond to





her cry. He was busy opening the secret passage. It was on the floor very close to the entrance of the room, so that even if any enemy suspected that there is a passage, his eyes will automatically go to other areas of the room.

The passage opened. The king looked into its gloomy interior. "Carry the candle in one hand and the child in the other arm. I hope you remember that there are twelve luminous stones at equal distances. They shine in darkness. If the candle light falls on them, they will shine radiantly. When you see the last stone, shake it two or three times. Then the other end of the passage will open before you," the king said.

Just then the laughter and talks of the inmates of the palace, which could be heard from the queen's room, became silent. "I'm afraid, Vir Singh has struck. Goodbye, my queen, goodbye. If not in this life, we will meet in life hereafter," said the king. He lifted the sleeping prince and pushed him into the queen's arms. Then he made her hold a candle and helped her to descend into the dark passage. "I'm sorry to send you in this fashion. But it is for our child's sake, my dear queen!" said the king as the queen looked up towards him with her tearful eyes. Then darkness enveloped her.

The king had just shut the entrance into the passage when a terrific noise shook the palace. The grand firework had started.

Next moment there were knocks on the doors. The king unsheathed his sword and demanded in a stern voice, "Who is it?"

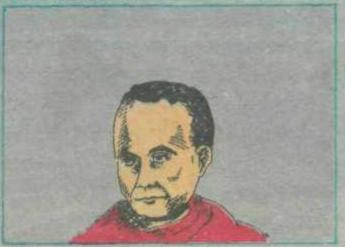
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CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT—11 TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH FROM HISTORY



ISWAR CHANDRA VIDYASAGAR

A scholar gets down at a Railway station. He has only a small bag with him. But he would not like to carry it himself. "Hello, are you a coolie? Take it." he says, calling an ordinary-looking man on the platform. The man quietly carries the scholar's bag. On arrival at his destination, the scholar is awfully embarrassed at knowing that the man who carried his bag is none other than the man he came to meet—Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar.

Vidyasagar, the great reformist, was born on the 26th of September, 1820, in Midnapore district of Bengal. He was the Principal of the Government Sanskrit College, Calcutta. In those days girls were married in their infancy and many became widows even before knowing that they had been married. Vidyasagar made the remarriage of widows legal. He founded many schools and colleges and introduced Western Science and Philosophy in India. He died in 1891.

WHOISHE?

It was a dark night. A thief, accustomed to move about in darkness, found his way to a spacious house.

Although the house was spacious, only one man, a sage lived in it. What is amazing, the man never locked the doors of the house. The thief knew this.

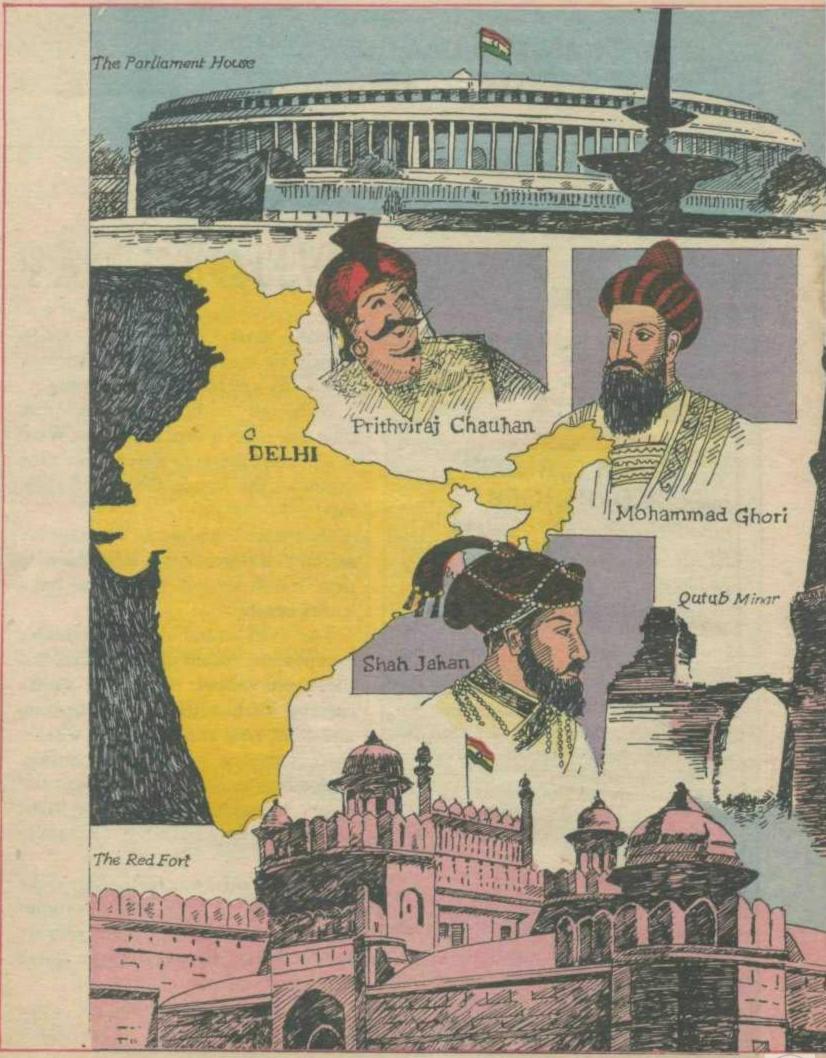
He entered the house. The sage lay asleep in a room with a lamp burning near his head and with some palm leaves nearby.

The thief found nothing valuable except some vessels in the kitchen. But they were enough as a single night's earning for him. He picked them up and went near the door. But what is this? Someone stood guard outside, with a bow in hand. The thief tried to escape through the other door. Alas, that too was guarded by a similar person.

He stood shivering till the sage woke up. Then he fell at his feet. The owner told him, "Look here, man, you are lucky. The guards you saw are Rama and Lakshmana!"

Who, according to the legend is this sage? See Page 36







SEVEN LIVES OF DELHI

Delhi, the capital of India today, is situated on or near the site of the city of the Pandavas, described in the Mahabharata, Indraprastha. An area of Delhi is still known as Indrapat.

Since the time of the Mahabharata, it is said that Delhi has been built again and again seven times in all. It was Emperor Shah Jahan who built it for the seventh time. Since independence, Delhi or the relatively new part of it, known as New Delhi, has much expanded. It would not be wrong to say that the modern Delhi is the eighth Delhi. But the memory of all the previous seven phases of the city can be seen or felt in the sprawling large city of today.

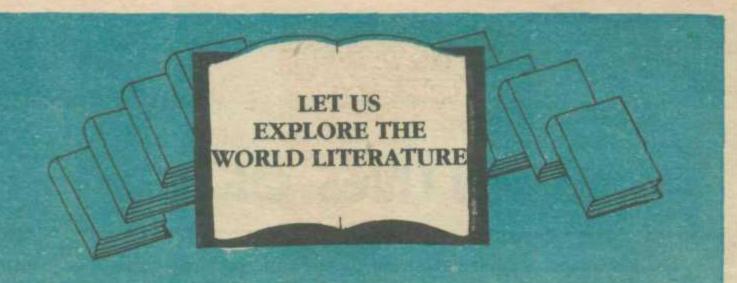
In the 11th century, a powerful king, Anangapal, made Delhi a charming city. The ruins of his fort, known as Lal Kot, can be seen near the Qutub Minar. The last Hindu king to rule from

Delhi was Prithviraj Chauhan. Princess Samyukta of Kanauj married Prithviraj against the wish of her father, Jaichandra. This angered Jaichandra so much that he joined hands with the Turkish Sultan Mohammad Ghori and attacked Delhi. Prithviraj was killed in the battle and Samyukta killed herself, in 1192. Jaichandra was treacherously attacked by Ghori and killed the very next year.

While so many dynasties ruled from Delhi so many also plundered Delhi. The most notorious among the plunderers was Nadir Shah of Persia who not only carried away immeasurable wealth including the Peacock Throne, but also killed 30,000 citizens in 1738.

Delhi is a clean and beautiful city today and with a few nearby villages is a Union Territory. It has a population of over sixty-two lakh.





- 1. What is the real name of Lewis Carroll, the author of Alice in Wonderland?
- 2. What was he by profession?
- 3. What are the full names of Grimm brothers?
- 4. What is the official language of China?
- 5. What is the origin of that word?
- 6. Approximately how many languages are there in the world?
- 7. Who was the famous English writer who began his career in the 19th century and continued till the middle of the 20th century?
- 8. Which Prime Minister received Nobel Prize for Literature?
- 9. Who is known as the Father of English Poetry?
- 10. What is the name of his book?

ANSWERS WHO IS HE?

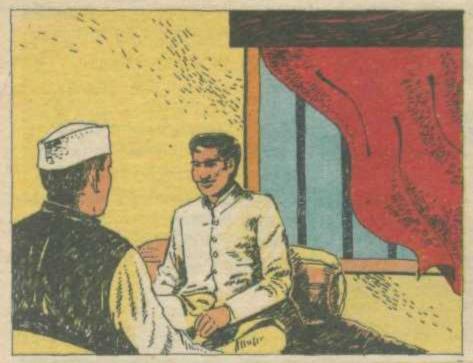
Tulsidas.

LITERATURE

Lutwidge 1. Charles Dodgson.

- professor 2. A mathematics.
- 3. Jacob Grimm and Wilhelm Grimm.
- 4. Mandarin.
- 5. The Indian word, Mantri. 10. The Canterbury Tales.
- of 6. One thousand hundred.
 - 7. George Bernard Shaw.
 - 8. Winston Churchill.
 - 9. Geoffrey Chaucer.



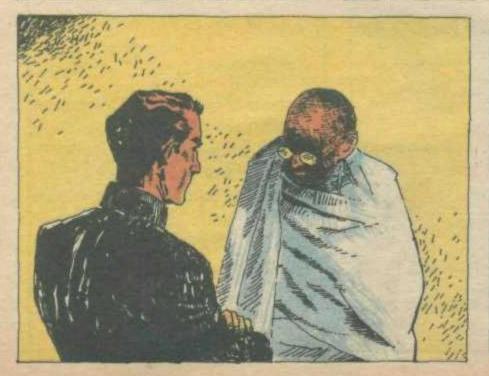


SAGA OF NEHRU (11)

There was a proposal for a meeting between Gandhiji and the Governor-General of India, Lord Irwin. A young man met Nehru secretly and asked him whether revolutionaries like Bhagat Singh, who was in jail, would be set free because of the meeting. The young man was Chandrashekhar Azad.

Two or three weeks later, while the Gandhi-Irwin talks were going on, Chandrashekhar Azad was surrounded by the police in a park in Allahabad. As they tried to capture Azad, he shot and injured two policemen. The police rained bullets and killed the valiant young man on the spot.





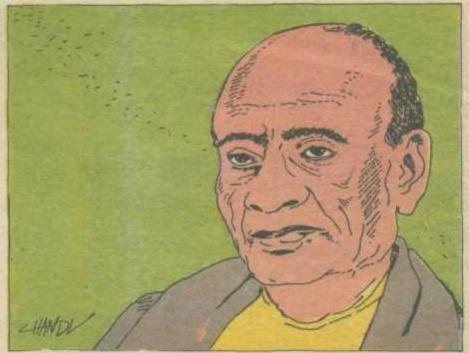
Gandhiji and Irwin came to an understanding. Accordingly the Civil Disobedience Movement by the Congress was suspended. Thousands of Congressmen who had been imprisoned were to be released.

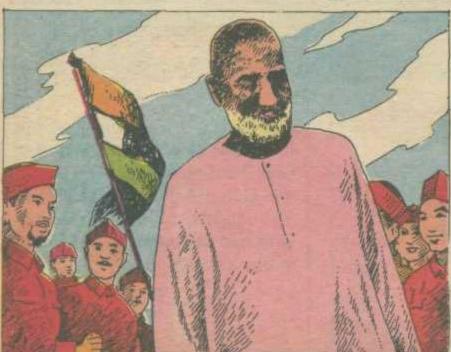




The Congressmen who came out of jails were given enthusiastic public receptions. They also spoke in meetings in a way as if the Gandhi-Irwin pact was a total victory for the Congress and a defeat for the rulers. This irritated the British very much.

The Congress met at Karachi. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel was the President. This patriot from Gujarat was emerging as a great national leader. The Congress session at Karachi took place with great enthusiasm.



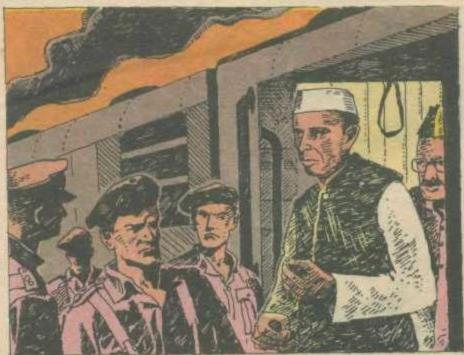


The other great leader to emerge at Karachi Congress was Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, the leader of the Pathans of the Frontier Province. His followers were known as "Redshirts" because of their dress. They were with the Congress.



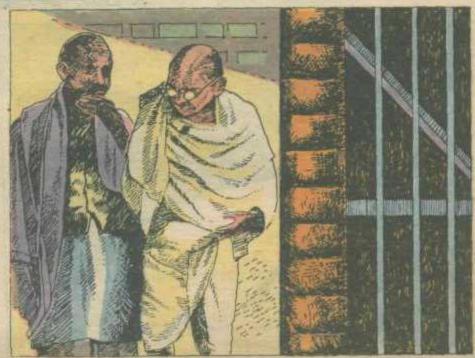
Gandhiji went to London to attend what is known as the Round Table Conference. Although this was called to solve the Indian problem, it did not produce any satisfactory result.



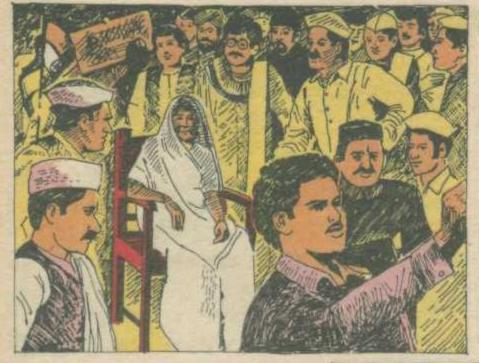


When the British Government felt that the Indian leaders cannot be made to tow its line, it became repressive. Nehru was travelling by train to Bombay. The train was suddenly stopped and the police mounted it and arrested him.

Gandhiji was back from London. On the 4th of January 1942, he too was arrested, along with Sardar Patel. The Government suspended the Civil Liberties of the people. There was no scope of any negotiation between the freedom-fighters and the Government.



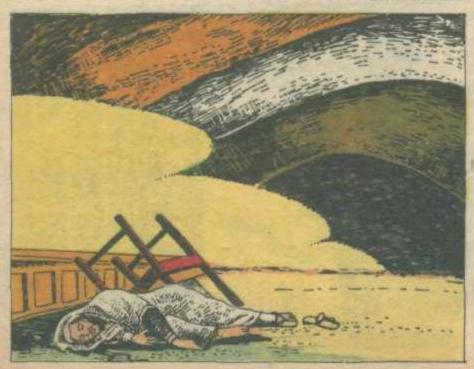




Soon thereafter there was a procession in Allahabad led by Nehru's mother. The police stopped the procession. As Nehru's mother was too old and weak to keep standing, someone brought a chair. She sat on it.

Suddenly the police made a tathi-charge. Nehru's secretary and some others who were looking after her, were arrested and taken away by the police. The procession was forcibly dispersed. Nehru's mother was knocked down from her chair.





Nehru's mother lay on the ground. The police hit her on the head repeatedly. She bled and fainted. Later she was picked up by an officer and carried to her house. When Nehru received the news in jail, he wondered if he could have remained non-violent after-seeing his frail old mother lying in a pool of blood!

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TALES FROM MANY LANDS (BURMA)

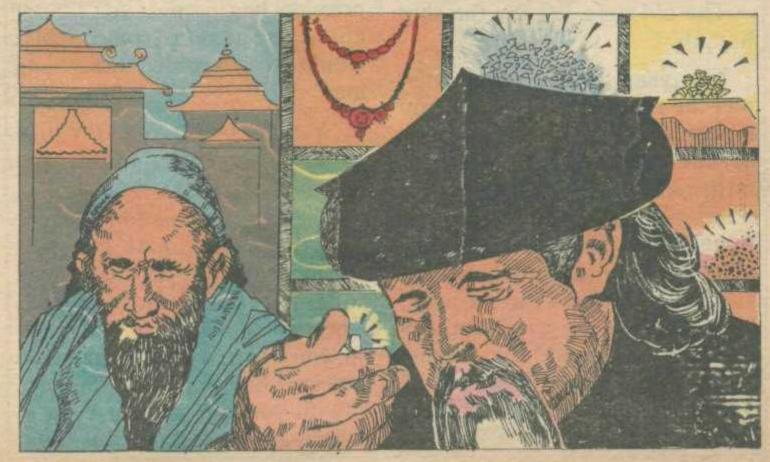
THE 'DIAMOND' THAT CAME BACK

n a certain city lived a diamond merchant. He was a cheat. He did not dare to deceive the people of his own city, but he never forgot to swindle a traveller from a faraway place who happened to come to him.

One day an old man entered his shop. The merchant, as usual, welcomed him with a false smile.

"My grand-daughter is to get married. I am very fond of her. I would very much like to present a diamond to her. But I can spare only five hundred pieces of silver for it. Is there any diamond with you for this price? The ship by which I came is leaving in another one hour. I have no time to go to other shops," said the old man.

"Nowhere can you find a diamond for only five hundred pieces of silver. But I appreciate your love for your grand-daughter. I will give you an excellent diamond for your money," said the merchant.







What he handed over to the old man was a piece of glittering glass.

The old man left for the ship happily.

Five years later a young man met the merchant. "You see, my ancestors were great aristocrats in our town. Even my grandfather was as rich as a duke. But times changed. We lost everything. I have been obliged to sell all our valuables. Only one thing I had preserved till today, because it was my grandmother's favourite diamond. But I must sell it now. Will you please buy it? I will give it cheap," the stranger said.

The diamond merchant's eyes glowed. From experience he knew that heirs of aristocratic families give away gold at the price of copper. "Let me see the diamond," he said.

The young man brought out a small packet from his bag and opened it with great care. Inside it was a bright object.

The merchant picked it up with great curiosity. But only a glance at it was enough for him to understand that the object was only a piece of glass!

"My young friend! You are under an illusion. This is no diamond, but glass!" said the merchant.

"You are joking! This is a priceless heirloom. If you cannot appreciate its value, someone else would do!" asserted the young man.

"Maybe. Better you take it to somebody else," said the merchant.

"That means you don't believe it to be a diamond! I can of course take it to some true connoisseur of diamond and sell it at a reasonable price. But if I do so, you will never know that it is a precious diamond. I better leave it with you. I don't want you to buy it. Just keep it in your shop.



Pay me only when you have sold it!" said the young man.

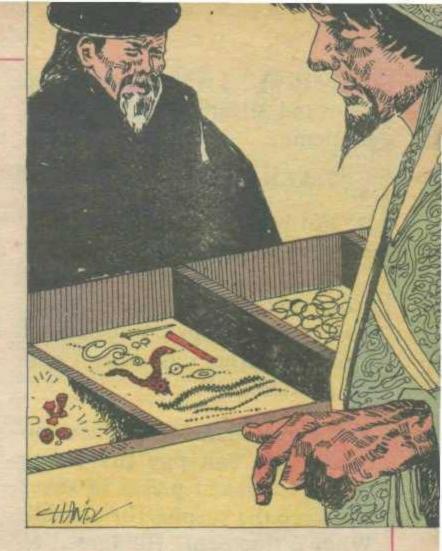
The merchant felt that he was wasting time with the stranger. In order to get rid of the young man he agreed to the condition and asked, "At what price should I sell it?"

"One thousand silver coins," said the young man. He left, saying that he will come after five or six months to see whether it had been sold or not.

The merchant heaved a sigh of relief. He threw the glass into one corner of his showcase and forgot about it.

Five months passed. One day a gentleman who looked like a member of some royal family came into the merchant's shop. "My cousin, the princess of Srimarg, is to get married. I am looking for some special diamonds," he said. The merchant showed him all the best pieces of diamond he had. But the gentleman rejected them all, saying that he had already bought similar things.

Suddenly his eyes fell on the piece of glass left by the young man. His face brightened up."I was looking for this rare kind of



diamond. At last I found one! Why were you not showing me this one?" he demanded feigning annoyance.

"Well, I think I have promised this to some other customer!" the merchant tried to be clever. He was very surprised.

Either the gentleman did not know anything about diamonds, or he was himself ignorant of certain kinds of diamond!

"How much has the other customer promised to pay?" asked the gentleman.

The merchant decided to take advantage of the situation. "Two thousand silver coins," he said.



"Very well. I will pay you three thousand silver coins," said the gentleman.

"Take it then."

"Not immediately. I reserve it with a payment of a hundred coins. I shall be back with the rest in one week. If I don't come back, I forfeit the amount. You can sell it to your other customer," said the gentleman.

The merchant's joy knew no bounds. He can pay the young man a thousand pieces of silver and keep the surplus for himself. What a fine deal! He agreed to the condition gladly.

The very next day the young man met him. "If you have not sold my diamond already, please return it to me. I understand that the nephew of the king of Srimarg is in the town. He is looking for rare varieties of diamond. I am sure, I can sell it to him for a thousand coins!" he said.

"Here is your thousand coins," said the merchant and he handed over the money to the young man.

The young man went away. The merchant waited for the king's nephew to come to collect the diamond. A week passed and then a fortnight and then a month. The king's nephew did not turn up, but the merchant received a letter from the young man through a traveller, "The diamond I sold you is the same my grandfather had bought from you five years ago. He is no more. But I am happy that I could sell it to you for a profit. You must be happy to get your precious thing back!"

The merchant slapped himself.









NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I do not know why you are risking your life at this unearthly hour of the night. Is it in order to get hold of some hidden wealth? But let me tell you that it is not always easy to lay one's hand on any hidden wealth. Sometimes you come across such wealth easily; some-

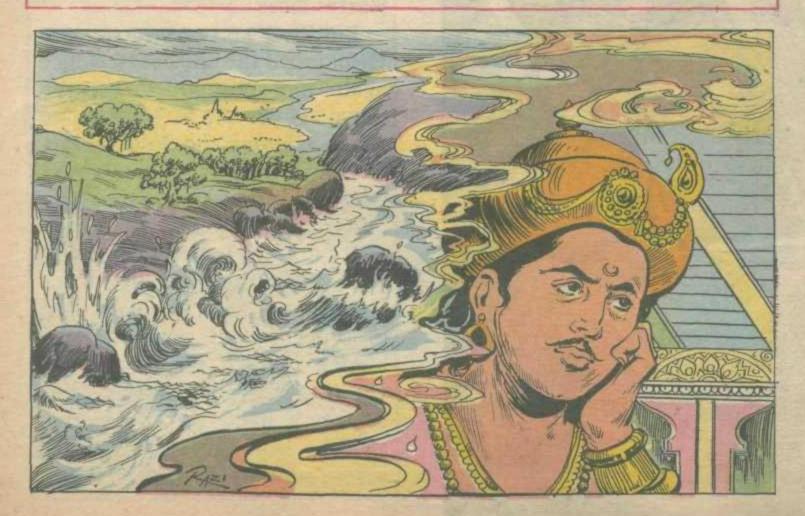


times they elude you. In other words, it is more a matter of chance than the result of labour. Let me illustrate my point through an instance. Pay attention to my narration. That should bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In days gone by there was a dense forest touching three kingdoms, Shuvanagar, Dhanyapur and Saptabhumi. For hundreds of years the forest was the haunt of two gangs of bandits. They would also raid houses in the three kingdoms and decamp with valuables. However, as time passed, their attacks became rare. By and by the bandits disappeared. Probably

their leaders died and the ordinary members settled down to normal vocations.

Shuvanagar was ruled by a young king named Srikumar. He was a pious ruler. He did everything possible for the welfare of his subjects. But his kingdom faced a big problem almost every year. The river Samudrika which flowed through his kingdom flooded thousands of acres of land during the monsoon and sometimes even threatened the capital of Shuvanagar. The only way to protect the lands and the city from the menace was to construct a high rock embankment for a stretch of two miles





along the river. But that was a project which would need a large amount of money. A king could always order his subjects to work without any remuneration. In fact, many kings did so. But Srikumar was not in favour of such policies even if the project was meant for the people's welfare. How were the labourers to maintain their families if they were to work without wages? Besides, the project would require thousands of labourers and many have to be brought from the neighbouring lands.

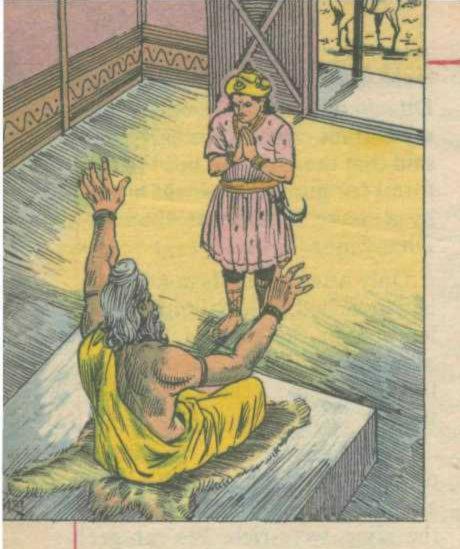
King Srikumar did not have so much money. As he was thinking of ways to raise money, news reached him that the king of Dhanyapur had died under some mysterious circumstances. It was said that the king had been to the forest for hunting and was bitten by a snake. There was chaos in Dhanyapur.

Only after seven days another news reached King Srikumar. He learnt that the king of Saptabhumi too had died—also in the forest. He had been killed by a tiger.

"My lord, this is a golden opportunity for us. We can annex both the kingdoms. Both the kings were rich. We can get hold of their wealth and use it for our project," one of the ministers







of King Srikumar told him.

The idea seemed quite sound to Srikumar. But he needed a strong army equipped with good horses and new arms to conquer two kingdoms. He did not have enough money for making such preparations.

There was a man in Shuvanagar who had some strange
powers. He could know the
location of hidden wealth. The
king consulted him. He said that
a fabulous quanity of gold and
jewellery was hidden in a cave in
the forest. One has to pass
through a very narrow and
dangerous gorge in order to
reach the cave.

The king knew that such hidden properties were generally guarded by certain supernatural forces. Such forces did not like any show of power or authority. The king went alone into the forest and located the gorge.

As he got off his horse, he found a hut. He looked into it and saw a hermit. The king bowed to him and stood in silence.

"What do you want? asked the hermit.

"Be kind enough to tell me if there is any truth in the report that beyond the gorge there is a cave and that the cave contains much wealth," said the king in a humble tone.

"The report is true. The wealth had been surrendered to my guru, a great sage, by the two gangs of bandits who were in this forest," replied the hermit.

"O noble soul, since the wealth belonged to your guru, you are its custodian..."

The hermit interrupted the king and said, "I am not its custodian. A serpent and a tiger are its custodians."

King Srikumar gave a start. He knew that a snake had killed the king of Dhanyapur and a tiger



had killed the king of Saptabhumi. Had this snake and tiger anything to do with their deaths?

King Srikumar expressed his doubt before the hermit. The hermit said, "Since you have asked me about it, I must tell you the truth. The king of Dhanyapur wanted to conquer Shuvanagar and wanted money for preparations. As he was proceeding towards the cave, he was bitten by the snake. The king of Saptabhumi wanted to annex Dhanyapur because Dhanyapur was without a king and there was chaos in the kingdom. He needed money for raising a bigger army and wanted to have the treasure.

He could escape from the snake, but the tiger killed him," replied the hermit. Then he added, "I can tell you one thing. If you are totally fearless, neither the snake nor the tiger can harm you."

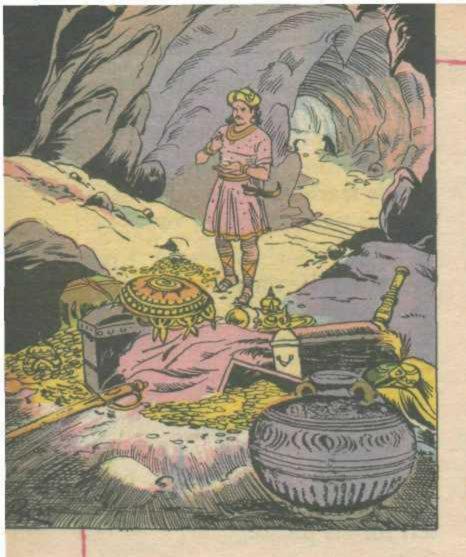
"I am fearless," said King Srikumar. He thanked the hermit and keeping his right hand on the hilt of his sheathed sword, he stepped into the gorge.

He had walked but a little when he heard a terrible hissing. He knew it to be the snake's. He stood still. Then he turned back and came out of the gorge and left for his palace.

The next day he sent his emissaries to Dhanyapur and







Saptabhumi and offered the bereaved royal families any help they might need at the time of their distress. The queens and ministers of both the kingdoms were very happy. They thanked King Srikumar and requested his presence during the coronations of their young princes.

A week later King Srikumar proceeded to the forest once again. He bowed to the hermit and said, "Today I seek your blessings. I am going for the hidden wealth."

The hermit blessed him. The king proceeded along the gorge. The snake hissed and then the tiger roared. But both the crea-

tures only moved around him without causing him any harm. The king found the wealth and took only one piece of gold, symbolic of his possessing the whole wealth. Then he came back there with a band of faithful men who carried the entire wealth to the palace. There was no more hissing of the snake or roar of the tiger. With the hermit's permission, he raised a shrine over the tomb of the sage who had revceived the wealth from the bandits. The king then used the wealth to construct the great embankment. His kingdom was protected from the annual flood and it prospered.

The vampire paused for a moment. Then, in a challenging tone, he asked King Vikram, "O King, I have some doubts. How is it that the king of Dhanyapur was bitten by the snake whereas the king of Saptabhumi escaped the snake, though he was killed by the tiger? How could King Srikumar escape both the snake and the tiger? Then, if at first King Srikumar could not muster the courage to enter the gorge, how could he muster it the next time? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your



knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram: "We must remember that the hidden wealth had some speciality. It had been offered to the sage by the bandits. It stood for their change of heart. The sage must have wished the wealth to be used for some noble cause. The king of Dhanyapur had a mean and selfish motive. He knew that Shuvanagar had an able and good king still he wanted to conquer Shuvanagar. Hence he was bitten by the snake, one of the two guardians of the wealth. The king of Saptabhumi had a slightly less aggressive design, for he wanted to take advantage of a certain situation, the death of the king of Dhanyapur. So he was spared by the snake, but killed by the tiger.

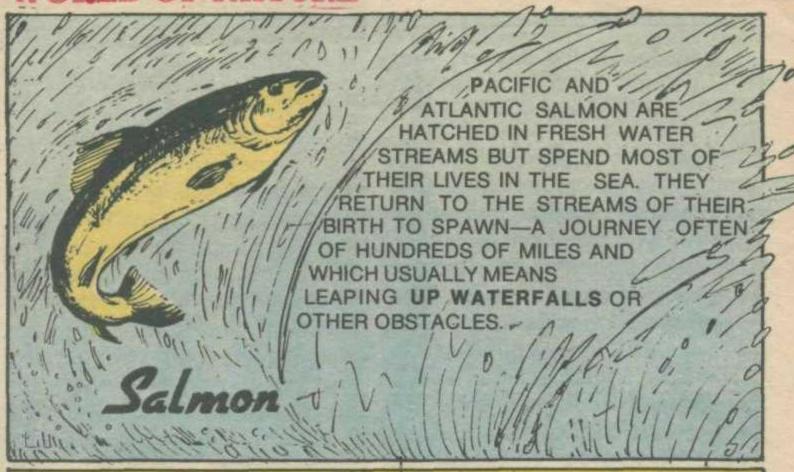
"King Srikumar's motive was to build the embankment. But he also wanted to annex the two temporarily kingless kingdoms. He must have felt guilty on this account. That is why fear came to his heart as soon as he heard the hissing of the snake on the first occasion and he abandoned his plan of going to the cave. A good man that he was, he soon gave up his desire to annex the two kingdoms and showed goodwill towards them. Now his only wish was to use the wealth for the people's welfare. There was no longer any fear in him. Hence he could own the wealth."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





WORLD OF NATURE





CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF,
THE CHAMELEON CAN NOT CHANGE
ITS COLOUR TO MATCH ITS BACKGROUND.
IT HAS A LIMITED RANGE OF COLOUR CHANGES—MOSTLY
SHADES OF BROWN AND GREEN. THE COLOURS ARE FORMED BY
CHANGES IN SHAPE OF PIGMENT CELLS IN THE ANIMAL'S SKIN.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST LIVING THING IS A BRISTLECONE PINE

Oldest living-thing

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA IT IS ESTIMATED TO BE 4,600 YEARS OLD.





WORLD OF SPORT



ARMY CADET ABNER DOUBLEDAY 'INVENTED' BASEBALL IN 1839. IT IS PROBABLE THAT DOUBLEDAY GOT HIS IDEA FROM READING THE RULES OF THE OLD ENGLISH GAME OF ROUNDERS WHICH APPEARED IN THE 'BOYS OWN BOOK' PUBLISHED IN AMERICA JUST AFTER 1829.

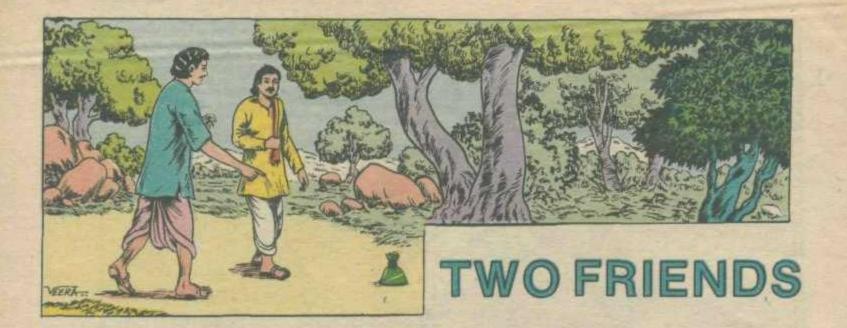


THE FIRST MAN TO WIN
THE 'GRAND SLAM' TWICE
(ALL FOUR OF THE WORLD'S
MAJOR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS — WIMBLEDON, U.S,
AUSTRALIAN, AND FRENCH)
WAS AUSTRALIAN ROD
LAVER IN 1962 AND 1969.

THREE TIMES OLYMPIC CHAMP....

AUSTRALIAN DAWN FRASER
IS THE ONLY SWIMMER TO WIN AN
EVENT AT THREE SUCCESSIVE
OLYMPICS — THE 100 METRES
IN 1956, 1960 AND 1964.





Gokul and Raj were two friends. Both worked hard for a living.

One day the two friends were on their way to the town. Said Raj, "I wish we could lay our hands on some hidden property. That would make us rich overnight."

"And idle overnight too!" commented Gokul. "My friend, work brings us not only some money, but also a lot of experiences. Unearned money is known to have spoilt many people," he added.

They were amidst their discussion on the virtues and vices of becoming rich overnight when their eyes fell on a bag lying on the road. Raj picked it up and opened it. There were gold coins inside it. He counted. They were a hundred.

Bursting with joy, Raj said,

"My friend, our misery comes to an end. We can begin our lives anew with fifty gold coins each!"

"Raj, it seems a cart has just passed by. This bag has fallen from it. It should not be difficult to find out who has driven to the next village or to the town before us. We must restore his money to him!" said Gokul.

"Gokul! It is foolish of you to think of finding out the owner of the money. Destiny has given this to us. We should be happy with this fact," said Raj.

"Should we not be unhappy with the fact that destiny has deprived someone else of a hundred gold coins?" asked Gokul.

"I don't wish to argue with you. Here is your share of the money," said Raj as he pushed fifty coins tied in his handkerchief into Gokul's hand. Gokul



accepted it.

In the next few days there was a marked change in the lifestyle of Raj. He rebuilt his house, ate well and put on costly clothes. Also, he did not look for any work. Gokul, however, went on as usual working for different people. There was no change in his lifestyle.

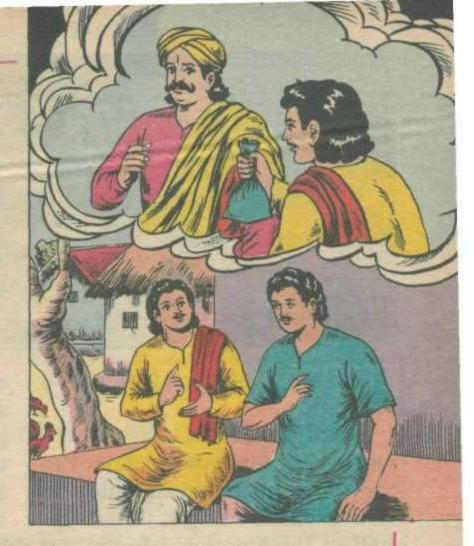
Six months passed. Raj rarely met Gokul during that period. Then, one day early in the morning he came to Gokul's house, with a long drawn face.

"What is the matter, Raj?" asked Gokul.

"My good days are over. I spent half of my share of the money and deposited the other half of it with a man who claimed to be a merchant. He promised to return the money with an equal amount added to it as interest in three months. Yesterday I learnt that the fellow is a cheat. He has taken money from many people of our locality and has clean disappeared. I am a brokenhearted man today!" Raj said wiping his eyes.

"What did you do to the other half of the amount?" asked Gokul.

"I spent it enjoying myself," said Raj.

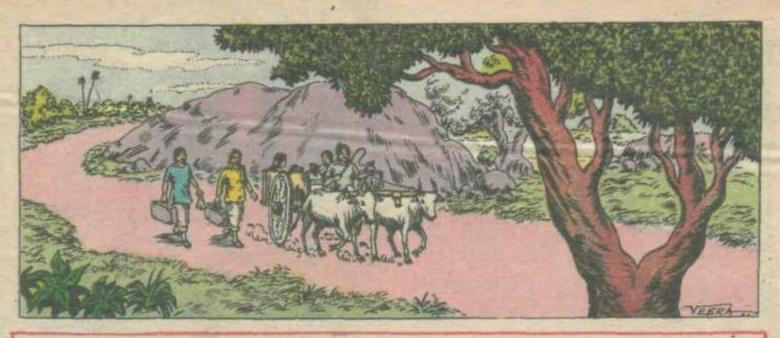


"My friend, why should you not feel happy that you have spent half of the amount as you liked? One day you got the money out of nothing. Why should you feel sorry if a part of it went away for nothing?" asked Gokul.

"But I have nothing left with me now. How am I going to manage my family?" said Raj.

Gokul patted him on the back and said, "Look here, I was thinking of meeting you with the offer of a job in the town. But I was hesitating, because I did not know that you were in need of a job. Both of us can proceed to the town and take up service."





Raj kept looking at Gokul with surprise.

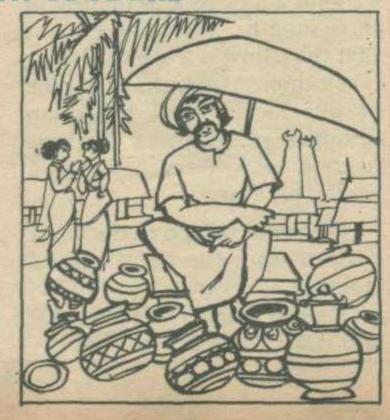
Gokul explained, "You see, I carried my share of the money to the village headman and told him that the man who got it has kept half of the amount. I found out that the money bag belonged to the headman himself. I requested him not to insist on knowing the name of the person who found the bag and kept half of the

money. I assured him that he was a needy man. The headman was pleased with me. He wanted me to take back the fifty gold coins, but I did not. Now he has set up a business in the town. He wants me as his manager there. He has asked me to find out a man of my choice to work as the assistant manager. You are my choice!"

Raj shed tears of gratefulness as well as joy.

WONDER WITH COLOURS







"NOT MINE!"

Two drunken men knocked on the door of their third friend, who too was drunk.

"You know what!" said one of the two callers, "Yesterday we saw a dead man and thought that maybe it was you!"

"I see," responded the third friend. "What kind of trousers did he wear?" he asked.

"Gray and with dark checks."

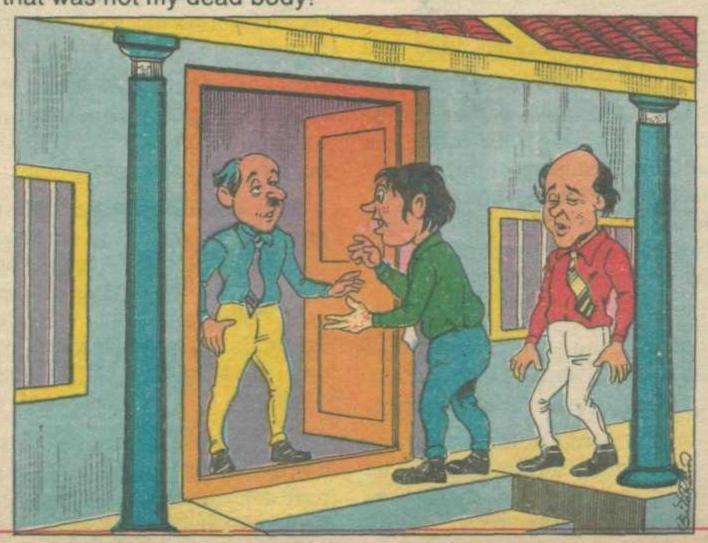
"Did he wear a blue necktie?" asked the third friend.

"No, a red one."

"Had he slippers on?

"No, full shoes."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the third friend with relief. "Then that was not my dead body!"







DWARFS AND THE DEMONESS

ong long ago, on the seashore of Malay lived a young man who was poor, but brave. What is more, he was always kind and helpful to others.

Close to the sea was a range of hills. The young man was in the habit of roaming about amidst the hills. One day, while doing so, he suddenly came across eight dwarfs who hid behind the rocks the moment they saw him.

"Why are you hiding, my friends?" the young man called out to the dwarfs. "Please come out. I want to talk to you!" he added.

After some reluctance, the dwarfs came out one by one. The young man greeted them very warmly and then asked, "Why were you hiding from me?"

"It is because people laugh at us. They ridicule us!" said the dwarfs.

"They are fools. What has one's size to do with one's nature? I have a feeling that you are good people," said the young man.

The dwarfs looked at one another. It was clear that they had no idea about what is good and what is bad. One of them said, "We don't know what you mean. But we will help you if ever you need our help," said the dwarfs.

The young man thanked them. Thereafter they met from time to time. One day the young man was surprised to see a giant of a



man, twice larger than he, appearing on the seashore. "Who are you? What are you looking for?" the young man asked the stranger.

"I come from an island. We are facing a problem. As soon as our queen gives birth to a child, the child disappears mysteriously. I came to this land to find out if the people here are stronger than us so that they could help us in overcoming the danger. But I see the people here are smaller than us!" said the stranger with a sigh of despair.

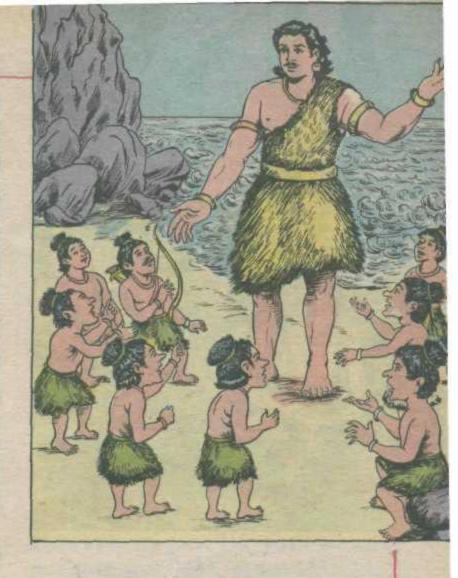
"Size is not the proof of strength or courage," said the young man.

But the stranger paid no attention to his observation. He jumped into the sea and disappeared from the young man's sight.

The young man kept standing feeling rather gloomy. Suddenly the eight dwarfs came out and surrounded him. "Why are you looking pensive? We can help you!" they said. "We have overheard what the big man said."

"What are your qualities?" asked the young man.

"My name is Stone-weight. Nobody can dislodge me from my seat," said one dwarf.



"My name is Strange-ears. I can hear what is being spoken beyond the sea!" said the second dwarf. The third dwarf's name was Far-sight. He could see the smallest things at any place faraway. The next one was named Knower. He could know, if he wished, anything that is happening anywhere in the world. The fifth one's name was Light-hand. He would take away eggs from under a hen without the hen coming to know about it. The sixth one was Smooth-body. Even a fly sitting on his body would slip off! The seventh one was the Archer. He could shoot down a marked fly from a thou-





sand flies. The eighth one was Wood-power. He could do miracles with a piece of timber.

"Tell me, how long would you take to make a ship?" the young man asked Wood-power.

"You close your eyes and recite the name of your deity five times and then look!" said Woodpower. The young man closed his eyes for a few seconds and looked. Lo and behold, there was a ship on the sea.

"Let us go to the island of those giant-men!" said the young man. The dwarfs accompanied him.

The king of the island welcomed him, though he was not sure that the young man's party would help him solve his problem.

"My friends, the queen has just been delivered of a child for the third time. Tonight is the critical time. The child may be stolen," the king told the young man.

"Don't you worry. We will guard the child," the young man assured him.

"Can you tell me who is stealing the king's children?" the young man asked the dwarf named Knower.

"The king's own sister. She is his foe and she has become a demoness. She comes here in the form of smoke," said Knower.

All of them remained alert. At midnight some smoke entered the palace through the windows and all the inmates of the palace fell asleep. But the smoke did not affect the young man and his party.

Then a long hand came down through the chimney. Immediately Stone-weight sat on it. The demoness could not take away her hand however she tried. While all were enjoying the demoness's plight, her other hand, through another chimney, reached for the infant. Seeing the infant being lifted one of the



dwarfs shrieked. Stone-weight stood up. At once the demoness took away her hand and disappeared.

"We must go to the castle of the demoness, wherever it is," declared the young man. Then Strange-ear said, "I can hear the demoness telling her assistants to keep the infant, along with the two children stolen earlier, very carefully."

Soon they reached the small island occupied by the demoness. The two dwarfs, Smooth-body and Light-hand, managed to enter the castle. Light-hand lifted the three children and handed them over to Smooth-body. The guards woke up and tried to take hold of Smooth-body. But they could not hold him, for his body was so oily that nothing could hold it!

Then they boarded the ship and sailed for the king's island. The demoness woke up at the shouts of the guards. She gave a chase to the ship. The dwarf named Far-sight saw her and told the others about her approach. Archer got ready with his bow. When the demoness was close enough, he shot an arrow. The demoness died.

The young man's party reached the king's palace with the three little princes. The king was at a loss for words to thank them. However he gave the young man much money. He returned to his seashore land with the dwarfs. He built a fine house for them. The story of their adventure became widely known. People said, "It is not size that matters, but talent and merit. The dwarfs proved that."







Are Birbal and the humorous stories about him historical? Was Birbal a Raja? Of which state?

- Samarendra Joshi, Bombay

Birbal, no doubt, is a historical person. He was a Rajput nobleman who rose high in Emperor Akbar's esteem and worked for a while as a friend-philosopher-guide to him. He was a gifted poet and there is every reason to believe that he was very witty. But the humorous stories we hear about him are imaginary. It is quite possible that there had been some witty exchange of words or anecdotes between Birbal and Akbar and between Birbal and other courtiers. But the stories are all attributed to him. People through the ages credit a favourite witty character of theirs with so many humorous anecdotes they create or they collect.

Birbal was not a hereditary Raja over any state. Akbar conferred on him the title of Raja.

How many kings were known as Chandragupta?

- Savitha Ramachandran, New Delhi

Several kings of different dynasties and ages bore the name. The most famous among them are Chandragupta I, founder of the Gupta dynasty of Magadha, his grandson Chandragupta II who assumed the title Vikramaditya and Chandragupta Maurya, the founder of the Maurya dynasty of Magadha.

What is the name of the dynasty from which Sri Rama hailed and what is the origin of that name?

- V.K. Kulkarni, Hubli

Ikshvaku (or Ikshaku) dynasty, named after a great hero of the Vedic era, Ikshvaku.



TOWARDS BETTER ENGLISH

MANY A PHOBIA

Miss Agnes Titus of Rajkot has sent a list of twenty-four different kinds of phobias and she wishes to know the full terms for these phobias. Here are the terms:

Fear of darkness: achluophobia : theophobia Fear of God : androphobia Fear of men (also nyctophobia) Fear of open Fear of poison : toxiphobia : agoraphobia space Fear of fire pyrophobia : ochlophobia Fear of crowds Fear of heights acrophobia anthophobia Fear of flowers Fear of reptiles batrachophobia Fear of women gynophobia Fear of blood hematophobia photophobia Fear of light Fear of animals zoophobia mysophobia Fear of depths Fear of dirt bathophobia cynophobia Fear of dogs Fear of death necrophobia Fear of thunder keraunophobia Fear of fish ichthyophobia Fear of closed ailurophobia Fear of cats : claustrophobia (also gatophobia) space Fear of foreigners : ornithophobia : zenophobia Fear of birds





PolioPlus



IMMUNIZATION AN ASSURANCE OF GOOD HEALTH TO CHILDREN

VACCINATIONS When and How Many

Age to Start Vaccination	Name of Vaccine	Name of Disease	How Many Times
Birth	BCG	Tuberculosis	Once
6 weeks	Polio	Polio	Three times with intervals of at least one month
6 weeks	DPT	Diphtheria Pertussis (Whooping Cough) Tetanus	Three times with intervals of at least one month
9 months	Measles	Measles	Once

Babies should receive all vaccinations by the time they are twelve months old.



Pregnant women should get themselves vaccinated against Tetanus (TT) twice—in an interval of at least one month—during the later stages of pregnancy.

HEALTHY CHILD-NATION'S HOPE & PRIDE

Design courtesy: World Health Organisation



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST





M.C. Morabad

Devidas Kasbekar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Knowledge is the only instrument of production that is not subject to diminishing returns.

-J.M. Clark

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter.

-Greville

Where law ends, there tyranny begins.

-William Pitt



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